Denton Journal.

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The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Mornins
AT DENTON,
CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,
—BY—
Geo. T. and Jas. F. Melvin, Proprietors.

One Dollar a Year Invariably in Advance.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the following rates:

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ONE SQUARE, 3 times, $1.00, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

☞ Six lines make a square.

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ONE COLUMN,	$20.00	$35.00	$60.00
HALF "	10.00	18.00	30.00
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NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.
☞ Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

The McSherry
GRAIN DRILL
THE BEST
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Most Reliable
In Use
FOR SALE BY
S. P. JUMP, Agent,
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Office over Stewart's grocery store,
DENTON, MD.
Will visit Greensborough the second and fourth Thursdays, and Hillsborough the first and third Thursdays of each month
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One Price gives all the same advantage and makes it as safe to order as to buy in person.

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Children's, Misses' and Boy's Fine and Heavy Shoes at corresponding prices.

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At Unusually Low Prices.
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BUY YOUR
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHES,
Sash, Doors, Bricks, etc.
AT LOW PRIES, FROM
SAML. BURNS & CO.,
104 Light St. Wharf,
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STRICTLY "ONE PPICE"
ClothierS
166 West Baitimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Attention, Company Buyers!

What are you holding back for? When you can march right straight into the store of G. SPITZER at Greensborough, and inspect the most prettiest, completest, and most seasonable

STOCK OF GOODS FOR THE FALL TRADE

which have ever been brought to this town, having arrived this week, and are now all arranged on his shelves and counters, comprising a fine lot of CLOTHING. Style and workmanship cannot be surpassed, and prices not to be undersold. New designs of novel Dress Goods and Calicoes. Latest patterns in Shawls and Knitted Goods for Ladies, Misses, and Children. In shoes you can suit yourselves beyond all doubts.

NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS IN ABUNDANCE.

Oh! well, come along and look about for yourselves. We cannot spare the time very well to write up every article. Our Grocery Department is complete. The largest stock in Smokers' Articles in the county.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to merit a continuance of the same,
I remain, Yours Respectfully.
GOTLIEB SPITZER, Greensborough, Md.

WANTED.—10,000 lbs. of dried apples and peaches, 10,000 lbs. of lard and bacon, besides all kinds of country produce, for which will be allowed the highest market prices, taken in exchange for goods. june 15-oct 3

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Champion Safe.
WAREHOUSE,
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PHILADELPHIA.
Prize Medals Awarded
At World's Fair, London. Exposition Universelle, Paris. World's Frir, N. Y.
TWO MEDALS & DIPLOMA Awarded at Centennial, 1876.
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JUST FROM THE LOOMS!
—OF—
PHILADELPAHI & NEW YORK.

NEWEST DESIGNS, LATEST PATTERNS.

Ingrain, Three-Ply and
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Goods for this season purchased direct from the
☞ MANUFACTURERS! ☜
Inducments to Offer which
DEFY COMPETITION
☞ Housekeeper should see our stock before purchasing. ☜

AT OUR "EMPORIUM"
We have facilities for this line of goods which no other house can boast.

Carpets Always in Stock,
And always a pleasure to show them.

THOMPSON & KERSEY,
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ONCE MORE TO THE FRONT!
THE FIRMLY-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN
CLOTHING-HOUSE
—OF—
A. C. YATES & CO.
NEWLY STOCKED AND HANDSOMELY EQUIPPED
1880 { FOR THE SEASONS OF } 1880
Our Productions are CLOTHING ONLY,
Materials and Trimmings bought for CASH,
Entire Stock Manufactured for CASH,
Sold at the Lowest CASH PRICES,
And Lower than any other House in the Trade.
Fall Styles, Large Supply,
NOW READY AT THE
LEDGER { CHESTNUT & SIXTH STS. } BUILDING,
A. C. YATES & CO.,
THE LEADING & POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

THE undersigned, having opened in the town of Harrington, Delaware, a general
FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHING STORE,
would respectfully calls the attention of the JOURNAL readers to his stock. We sell Furniture of every kind and description:—
Bedding, Cheap and Fine Looking Glasses, Pictures and Frames in Endless Variety, All Kinds of Fancy Parlor Walnut Work
We will not give a long list of our goods here, but invite you to call at our New Store and see the goods and learn prices.

UNDERTAKING.
Arrangements for this department of our business are complete. We keep on hand
COFFINS AND CASKETS,
of every description and all kinds of Undertakers' Furnishing goods such as
Shrouds Robes, Pillows, Linings Crepe, Gloves, Handles, Plates, Screws
and in fact everything belonging to a well regulated and first class undertaking establishment. Bodies kept well without ice.
☞ A HANDSOME HEARSE AND TEAM. ☜
Having had an experience of several years with a practical undertaker I flatter myself that I can give satisfaction to all who may kneed my services. We also carry on
The CARRIAGE Business
and keep on hand all kinds of Carriages. First class work a specialty. The celebrated Carriage of Wm. R. Cahoon & Son, of Dover, Del., famed for their beauty of finish, style and durability, and other makes. If you need of the goods herein mentioned come and see me.
W. G. HARDESTY,
HARRINGTON, DEL.
26-6-1y.

THE STORY OF LIFE

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born,
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between, and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy dispite his little woes,
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be in short from two to ten,
A merry, moody child, and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog,
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies, and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be anon, a youth full grown:
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own:
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin, and then?

And then at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread,
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain lose the prize, and then?

And then in grey and wrinkled Eld
To mourn the speed of life's decline,
To praise the scenes of youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of Lang Syne,
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave, and then?

Only a Farmer.

Quite an interesting and anxious group had gathered in Mrs. Wilson's dressing room one pleasant morning in June. It consisted of Mrs. Wilson and her three unmarried daughters, the subject under such animated discussion was how and where they should open their usual summer campaign.

I had always been an interesting subject, and, to the maternal element, attended with considerable anxiety, almost amounting to despair, as now.

The contents of the various wardrobes had been laid out and examined; silks and muslins, cambrics and lawns, sufficient, it would seem, for a dozen, and the two elder Misses Wilson, declared with tears in their eyes that they had nothing, absolutely nothing, fit to wear.

It is noteworthy with what surprising unanimity the two sisters agreed on this point, who seldom agreed on any point.

Mrs. Wilson looked with dismay upon the finery spread out before her, after listening to the above assertion.

"I'm sure, my dear," she ventured to say, "some of them are hardly worn, and with a little alteration—"

"Now, mamma!" interrupted Belle, "why will you talk so ridicuously when you know that there is not a thing here but what is wretchedly out of style! And as to altering anything it always gives me a pain in the side to sew, and I'm not going to Saratoga all fagged out, if I never go!"

Of course, this settled that. It is a little curious what a small amount of work will "fag" a girl "all out," who can dance until the break of day without the slightest inconvenience

"There's one thing, certain," said Lucy, the second daughter, "we've got to have at least one new dress."

"I don't know where it's to come from, then," responded Mrs. Wilson, sinking down wearily into a chair. "It was as much as I could do to get pa's consent to going at all. It was two o'clock at night before he gave in, and then I verily believe it was from pure weariness and inability to keep awake any longer."

Mrs. Wilson said this with an air of a woman determined to perform her duty at all hazards, and anxious to obtain credit for the same.

But it seemed to have quite the contrary effect upon Josie, the youngest daughter, who had not before spoken, but who now burst forth:

"I declare, if it isn't a sin and a shame, mamma, for you to worry pa so."

Mrs. Wilson cast a reproachful look upon the speaker.

"I will say, Josie, that you are the most ungrateful child I ever saw. I'd like to know how much money I'd get out of your pa if I didn't worry it out. But that's all the thanks I get for lying awake nights scheming and planning how to give you a chance to get settled in life."

"I'd thank you for not doing so. I'm not going to Saratoga or Long Branch. In the first place, I know that pa can't afford it. And then I promised Mary Crofton that I would visit her this summer."

Though Mrs. Wilson affected to be displeased at this announcement, she was secretly relieved.

Belle and Lucy were very well suited with this arrangement, too. Josie was very handy at furnishing up and making over, and if she was determined to bury herself in a country farm house, she would not need so much of that for herself, and could, therefore, devote more time to them. And so busy did they keep her during the next two weeks that followed, that Josie was glad enough to see the big trunks all packed and waiting in the hall.

To save expense, Mrs. Wilson had arranged to dismiss the servants, and shut up the house, with the exception of one room for her husband, who was to take his meals at his sister's.

"Of course, she won't charge him anything, so that will be one item saved," remarked Mrs. Wilson, as she regarded complacently the effect of Belle's new dress which her management had secured.

"As though pa would board there for nothing," was Josie's indignant rejoinder, "when Uncle William has such a hard time to get along."

"Well, if your pa chooses to pay when he needn't and it isn't expected of him, it's his own loss. For my part I don't see what's the good of having relations if you can't make use of them."

Mrs. Wilson certainly believed in making her relatives useful, carrying out that belief to its fullest extent, whenever it was practicable, as some of them knew to their cost. Even her love for her daughters partook of the selfishness of her intensely selfish nature, her chief anxiety being to get them "off her hands," and in a manner that would be as advantageous and reflect as much credit on herself as possible.

But they were gone, at last, and Josie was at liberty to make her own simple preparations, which did not take her long to complete.

The father and daughter had a nice, quiet tea together. Josie was going on the morrow, and, as sitting opposite him and pouring out his tea, she saw the hard lines soften in his careworn face, and how happy he was in her society, her heart reproached her for leaving him.

"I have half a mind not to go, papa; it seems too bad to leave you here all by yourself." But Mr. Wilson would not hear to this.

"I insist upon you going; you have been working hard, and you need a change. My life would be much the same anyhow."

"You can expect me in three weeks, papa," smiled Josie, from the car window, the next morning. "You will want your little housekeeper by that time, I know."

"And Mr. Wilson went back to the corroding anxieties which had made him an old man before his time, thanked God for this bit of sunshine, and which left its glow in the heart long after it had vanished.

There was only a few passengers for Baybridge, a small town in the interior of the State, though there were the usual loungers upon the platform of the station as Josie stepped out. But they soon scattered leaving her to stare blankly around for the carriage that she supposed would be awaiting for her.

She walked clear around the station, looking in every direction, but not a vehicle was in sight except a rough box wagon, with a board across it, drawn by a pair of spirited black horses, that stamped their feet and tossed their heads as if impatient to be off. A man stood beside the restive creatures, who yet seemed to be under perfect control.

"There, Jenny! Be easy, Kate!" he said, patting the satin-smooth skin, and speaking very much as a mother would to a child. The baggage-master was standing near a pile of trunks and parcels.

"Is this your trunk, Miss?" he said, as Josie approached him.

"Yes, I was expecting friends to meet me, but they are not here. There must be some mistake."

"I know most of the people around here. What might their name be?"

"Crofton."

"Why, bless me, you've got off at the wrong station. They live at North Baybridge, five miles beyond."

"When does the next train leave?"

"To-morrow morning."

Josie looked the dismay that she certainly felt at this announcement.

"It's too bad, I declare," said the good natured officer, pitying Josie's evident distress.

Then, as his eye fell upon the owner of the team, who was looking toward them, he added:

"If this ain't a streak of luck! Why, here's John Manning, their next neighbor. He can take you along just as well as not. John," to the young man, "here's a young lady that's got off at the wrong station. She wants to go to Crofton's. I tell her she can ride with you."

The young man removed his straw hat, revealing a forehead broad and full, and whose whiteness contrasted strongly with the healthy brown of the cheeks below.

"I shall be very happy if the young lady has no objection to riding with a farmer and in a farmer's wagon.

The admiration so clearly visible in the honest blue eyes that met her own made Josie's cheeks redden

"If it will not be too much trouble."

As the young man listened to those low, softly spoken words, he felt nothing that the speaker could ask would be any trouble at all. Springing to work, he soon improvised quite a comfortable seat for Josie by passing a rope from one stake to another, just back of the board in front, throwing a thick, soft blanket over the whole.

Glad to be released, Jenny and Kate bore them swiftly along the winding country road, dotted here and there by farm houses nestled down among trees and shrubbery. As soon as Josie got a little used to it, she enjoyed her elevated and novel position, which gave her a fine view of the country through which they were passing. Her companion smiled at her enthusiastic exclamations and comments, seeming to take pleasure in what she so frankly and innocently expressed.

"Do you think you would like to live in the country?" he said stealing an admiring glance at the glad young face.

"Above all things," responded Josie. "That is," she added, after a moment's pause, "if papa could be here too. I wish he could be, just for a little while, he would enjoy it so. Papa was brought up on a farm. I heard him say once that he wished that he had never left it."

"I had a strong desire, when a boy, to go to the city, where I could get a chance to get rich and not have to work so hard. But I am the only son and only child since last winter"—here the speaker's eyes saddened. "I promised father just before he died, that I would not leave the farm while mother lived, and I don't know that I care to do so now."

"I would'nt if I were in your place," said Josie, with a wise shake of her pretty head. It's dreadful hard times in the city. Everybody is groaning about them, which makes it dismal enough. And as to working hard, I'd like to know who works harder than pa does. It's ever so much nicer here."

The honest young fellow, whose heart was in his eyes, inwardly hoped she would always think so.

"There is where I live, he said aloud pointing to a house with a wide piazza running all around the sides, which looked very pleasant amid the green verdure that surrounded it.

Young Manning drew reins at the gate, inside of which a pleasant-faced, silver-haired woman was standing.

"Here's the mail, mother," he said, tossing down to her some papers and pamphlets. "Been lonely, any? I'm going to take this young lady to Mr. Crofton's. My mother, Miss Wilson."

The young man took leave of Josie with a feeling at his heart such as he had never experienced before.

"How pretty she is," he thought, "and as good as pretty, I am sure."

"What an honest and pleasant face! I wonder if I shall ever see him again!" This was what she thought.

Josie did see him again and quite often. The Mannings and Croftons were not only neighbors but were intimate. Mary Crofton had been strangely attached to Mrs. Manning's only daughter, who died the preceding winter. She spent a good deal of time at her house and Josie frequently with her. Mary was never weary of praising John; he was such a good son, so intelligent, steady and industrious.

John soon got over the shyness with the city girl, who took so kindly to country ways that it seemed as if she had always lived in the country. He used to walk home with her, Mary considerately lingering at the gate to talk with his mother, well pleased with the turn affairs were taking.

Then there were rides and walks, picnics and social gatherings, at all of which John and Josie had a fashion of getting off by themselves—a fashion that everybody seemed to humor and understand.

And so the happy days went on, each day binding those young, loving hearts more closely together.

When Josie returned to the city, which was two weeks later than she intended, she had a pleasant story to whisper in her father's ear.

"If you love him and he is worthy of you," he said, in reply to the query with which it ended. Josie's quick ear detected the sadness that underran those words.

"You know your promise to live with me when I was married, papa," she whispered, laying her cheek closely to his. "And on a farm, too? Won't it be delightful?"

Belle and Lucy returned home with the conscious air of subdued triumph and importance peculiar to "engaged young ladies."

Having attained the end and aim of their existence, there was nothing for them to hope or expect. From thenceforth they were to repose upon their laurels, floating down the stream of life with no thought or care of anything but the present enjoyment.

Belle's captive was a Wall Street broker, owning a fabulous amount of paper. Lucy's was the son of a millionaire, whose ambition it seemed to be to spend as soon as possible the money that his father had labored to acquire.

They made no attempt to disguise their surpise when they heard Josie's modest conquest.

"Only a farmer!" sniffed Mrs. Wilson. "Never did I dream one of my daughters would stoop to that! But I suppose if you have your father's approval, you don't care for mine."

"Of course you can't expect us to visit you," said Belle, loftily. "The connections of my Charles Augustus are all of the highest and most aristocratic character, and it couldn't be thought of."

"Certainly not," echoed Lucy. "A wife has to take the position of her husband, which is something you had better think of."

Josie had thought of it, and very happy thoughts they were, too.

The financial disasters of the three years that followed made quite a change in the surroundings of all the above with the exception of Josie and her husband.

Out of the wreck of Mr. Wilson's business, nothing was left but his honor and his integrity, which shone all the brighter from the temporary gloom that surrounded him. His wife took their altered fortunes very hard, fairly fretting and worrying herself into the grave, where she was laid a few months after

Penniless and unfitted for anything, the husbands of Belle and Lucy were glad to accept positions—one as a conductor on a city car, and the other a third-rate clerkship.

Josie did not see much of her sisters, but many a barrel of apples and crock of butter found their way to them from the Manning farm.

Almost every afternoon a gray-haired, pleasant-looking old can be seen on the western piazza of the farm house, with a grandchild on each knee. It is Mr. Wilson, who thanks God that one of his daughters married 'only a farmer.'

An Amusing Duel.

HOW AN ENGLISH OFFICER COVERED HIS ADVERSARY WITH RIDICULE AND DROVE HIM FROM THE FIELD.

An old East Indian officer, in giving some reminisences in *Chamber's Journal*, tells this story: Tainton's regiment was stationed at the Strait (Singapore, Malacca and Penang); but he was officiating as brigade major while the real incumbent was absent on a furlough at the Cape. He was known as an extraordinary shot with gun, rifle and pellet-bow. Nothing could ruffle him outwardly; but I pity the man who willfully insulted him, for Tainton with a smile would think no more of thowing him out of the window than he would of kicking a cur down stairs. He was a lamb in appearance, but a very lion in strength and courage, and neither drank, gambled nor quarreled; but in those dueling days even he could not avoid the "wager to battle." D——, a foolishly irate and somewhat tipsy man, moreover only a late arrival, took umbrage at a remark of perfectly inoffensive nature made by Tainton, and the usual challenge followed. There is a limit to the greatest forbearance, and my gallant friend was tired of being made a target of; so consented to go out provided his terms were acceded to; and these were—that they should be placed face to face at fifteen yards or less, he to be armed with his pellet-bow alone, and his adversary to load his own weapon; and that from the moment the word "Load!" was given, each party was to be at liberty, to do with his weapon what he chose The seconds knew Tainton well, and they anticipated some fun from the novel duel; so, while consenting to the terms they made them known all over the station. The day arrived. Tainton's adversary strongly protested against such a strange duel; but he was told he had no choice, as the right of choosing lay with the challenged. So D——, more irate than ever went to the place of meeting, vowing he would drill a hole through his man for making such a fool of him. The whole plain was covered with spectators. The two stood face to face, Tainton with his pockets full of hardened pellets and his bow; D—— with an ordinary pistol. The word "Load!" being given, D—— lifted his powder flask, when rap, rap, came two pellets on his knuckles, and he dropped his pistol and flask as if they had been red hot! The bystanders screamed with laughter. D—— got more savage, and hastily picked up the pistol and flask, tried to load; but a similar visitation as before made him drop them again, whilst another rap, rap, made him turn his back on his foe. The seconds now interfered, and they declared the duel at an end, because the conditions had been violated by D——, who was led off the ground foaming with rage. But a little reflection and a little inquiry into the antecedents and character of the antagonist he had to deal with convinced him of the folly of quarreling with such a man, and a party was got up at mess, where the two met and shook hands.

Tainton's skill with the Indian pellet bow was something marvelous. He had been known for a wager, with five pellets to knock over three snipe; and the Sepoys and the native officers of his regiment not only loved him, but believed him to be possessed of supernatural and powers were ever fond of relating most improbable stories about him; and nothing would convince them to the contrary. One was, that with a hard pellet he could drill a hole in an earthenware water-pot, and with a soft one fill it up again!

EDMUND YATES says that "Dickens used quill pens." We should not in the least degree feel astonished to know that Dickens used ink. There is no knowing what novelists will do in their moments of inspiration. He may even have used blotting-paper, although this is almost too terrible to think of.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser.* The success of "The Old Curiosity Shop" was due to Quilp-entirely.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

"ANY good shooting on your farm?" asked the hunter of the farmer. "Splendid," replied the agriculturist, "there's a drive well man down in the clover meadow, a cloth peddler at the house, a candidate out in the barn, and two tramps down in the stock-yard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

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